

S A T I R E S, &c.

BY

*J A Q U E S.*

---

[ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.]



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# SATIRES, &c.

BY

JAQUES. R

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WHILST KINGS, AND QUEENS, AND KNAVES, ARE IN THE PACK,  
SHALL I FOR SUBJECTS, THINK YE EVER LACK?

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## PART THE FIRST.

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THEATRIC MONARCHS—FIRST ON YOU I CALL :  
HOLD UP YOUR HANDS : GUILTY OR NOT—OF ALL ?

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LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY W. MILLER, OLD BOND STREET.

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1798.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]



SATIRE, &c.

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JACQUES

WHIST KINGS, AND QUEENS, AND KNIVES, AND IN THE BACK,  
SHALL I FOR SUBJECTS, THINK OF EVER LAST?

PART THE FIRST

THEATRIC MONARCHS—FIRST ON YOU I CALL  
HOLD UP YOUR WAIVES: WORTHY OR NOT—OF ALL

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TO THE  
R E V I E W E R S.

---

SAGE MEN OF WIT, how shall I dare implore

Your aid, whilst pushing from my native shore,

Opposing Criticism's power?

Say, shall I write in praise of you, unknown?---

If that will please you all--the day's my own;

For I will praise you ev'ry hour.

Or if you're poor, as some pert author says,

And for a mutton-bone will sell your lays,

I beg you'll come to me and dine:

For, though not rich, I've enough in plenty,

Ev'n if you muster in number twenty;

Then let me 'mong you sometimes shine.



I know you've lately suffer'd much distress,  
By reading all which issues from the press :—

Listen to another story !

If, by your great exertions, I succeed,  
(And never author had more urgent need,)

I'll treat you with a John-dory.

If such nice bribes will not content your wills,

I'll take a few of dark Oblivion's pills,

And drive ye ever from my fear;

Enlist with TRUTH, and under her campaign,

Fight by her side, in hopes due praise to gain ;

Then past your *shoals* with safety steer.



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# S A T I R E S, &c.

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## SECTION I.

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### W H A T W A S !!!

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---

**I**N ancient times, when POETRY was young,  
 Inspired HOMER to her dictates sung,  
 Spread her fair fame 'midst the rude age of man,  
 And by her powers tried their minds to scan.  
 His strains immortal with applause were crown'd;  
 For, when he sung, collected all around,  
 Men, by their silence, prais'd each heav'nly sound.

Whether



Whether the heroes of Dardanian race,  
 Confin'd by Greeks to one devoted place;  
 Or sage Ulysses, to his long-sought shore  
 Returning safe, and anxious to explore  
 What changes dire, by Fate's relentless hand,  
 Had mark'd his absence in the Trojan land;  
 If yet his lov'd Penelope was true,  
 To whose embrace impatiently he flew;  
 Still Nature guided HOMER's tuneful song,  
 Taught him to pour enchanting verse along,  
 And charm the passions of th' admiring throng.

In course of time, when VIRGIL wrote for fame,  
 The petty scribblers trembled at his name;  
 Unus'd to all the modern trick of art,  
 He tried successful to improve the heart;

Disdaining



Disdaining fiction, he from men and things  
 Amply supplied imagination's springs;  
 Drew modest Virtue in her simple garb,  
 And tore from harden'd Vice th' empoison'd barb.

Sweet POETRY ! whose fate was long to roam,  
 Seem'd now determin'd to make Rome her home ;  
 For, by the aid of Cythera's fair queen,  
 And Bacchus, famous for dispelling spleen,  
 She caus'd lov'd OVID to assert her lays ;  
 And crown'd her HORACE with eternal bays.

Revolving time to England gave the force  
 Of Poetry's sweet pow'r---the genial source  
 Of happiness, increasing in its course.

CHAUCER, who first felt her magnetic sway,  
 Has left good models for the present day.



He soon was followed by Nature's child,

Her fav'rite son, in manners sweet and mild:

To SHAKSPERE's skill we owe dramatic laws,

Which in all ages since have claim'd applause.

O! that my feeble wish could sanction gain

From Heav'n, for a bard like him to reign

O'er our neglected Stage!—and to the state

Of former times restore its tottering fate,

Ere the false taste, now guided by the town,

Shall make dull Ign'rance call it quite its own.

Then BEAUMONT, FLETCHER, "rare BEN JONSON," came,

And added greatly to poetic fame.

MILTON, to vast profundity of thought,

Possess'd a genius, by Heaven sure taught:

In



In terms magnificent his plans were laid,  
And Grandeur through his verse her form display'd.

To DRYDEN's polish'd numbers much we owe;  
Whether he pourtray'd deep afflicting woe,  
Or conq'ring love, still Harmony, sweet maid!  
To DRYDEN's tuneful verse attention paid.---

OTWAY's soft melting strains, and CONGREVE's wit,  
By turns improv'd, and pleas'd the learned Pit.

'Till one soon rose, by Poetry inspir'd  
With pow'rs divine, who ev'ry bosom fir'd,  
Alike by passions hated and admir'd:

Whether soft pity, scorn, or terror wild,  
Still POPE appear'd as Poetry's own child

In verse correct, next THOMSON came to view;---  
Touch'd by his hand, the various seasons grew.



On keen-eyed SATIRE CHURCHILL built his fame,  
 And with delight he woo'd the fickle dame;  
 Affisted by her wond'rous force of art,  
 He threw with rapid skill the pointed dart,  
 Which from her ample store she let him chuse,  
 And taught, successful, when and how to use.  
 Led on by her, how pleasing was the task,  
 To snatch from Ignorance its borrow'd mask;  
 To drag presumptuous Pedantry to light,  
 And teach the age with classic ease to write.

But, hark! what horrid din assails my ears!  
 What hisses, and what groans! what scoffs and jeers!  
 “*Off! off! off!---over with him!---turn him out!*”---  
 Why, what the devil is all this about?  
 “About,” says CRITIC,---(and an oath he swore),---  
 “Who e'er made SATIRE *feminine* before?”

---So



---So you're a *critic*, are you?---Pray, at what school  
 Were you brought up, to shine so great---a fool?  
 Not volumes hid two thousand years in dust,  
 Your God's own temple, nor his worshipp'd bust,  
 Can disannul what TRUTH affirms is just.

What is't to me if *beathens* never knew  
 Those charms, which we in WOMAN daily view?  
 Charms that embellish even BEAUTY's face,  
 And lend DEFORMITY *itself* a grace!  
 Charms of the mind! sharp wit, quick repartee,  
 And *satire*, CRITIC---fatal still to *thee*.  
 ---Cease, then, ye dunces, your scholastic whine,  
 Nor wound yourselves---for Satire's *feminine*.  
 Wit shall the woman's weapon ever be,  
 And man's the sword---to guard her "fair and free."



In judgment happy, JOHNSON wish'd to draw  
 Fond Nature from retreat, and by the law  
 Which Poetry allow'd, to form a plan,  
 And save her from that alter'd tyrant--man,  
 Who now seem'd willing to forget the age,  
 When Learning held dominion o'er the Stage;  
 When rising genius met its due reward,  
 And judging critics gave a just award;  
 When wit with fancy rang'd the mimic scene,  
 And drove from thence all species of the spleen;  
 When Science, form'd by Nature's fav'rite rules,  
 Adorn'd alike the Stage and learned schools,  
 And form'd no bards to please dull empty fools.



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SECTION II.

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WHAT IS!!!—!!!

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THOSE times are gone for ever!--and, instead,  
 We now have bards, whose thoughts have weight---like lead;  
 ---Whose utmost efforts to reform the age  
 Are chiefly *borrow'd* from some ancient sage.  
 Amongst this num'rous band I claim a place,  
 Which will entitle me to join the race  
 They all have run, ev'n at a good round pace!  
 The race I mean is really nothing more  
 Than using Plots, which have been us'd before;

}  
}

Purloining



Purloining thoughts, the sentiments and stile  
 Of each respective author in the pile,  
 With force as rapid as the fruitful Nile.  
 Yet, still, before I try my skill as thief,  
 I wish my Muse to understand, my grief  
 Is such as nearly choaks me with despair;  
 Therefore, with fervour will I make a pray'r :---

To thee, O Muse ! in accents mild and low,  
 On my bent knees I supplicate to know  
 If thy determin'd rage will ne'er decline,  
 And suffer me original to shine ?  
 Whether 'mong *princes* I may take my place,  
 And think *equality* a dire disgrace,  
 Or to my present dulness be confin'd,  
 The sport of all the *dunces* of mankind ?

COVENT



## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

---

**I**MPERIAL Folly---goddefs of delight!---

Who holds despotic sway by day and night

In LONDON's spacious town---aid, I intreat,

An ill-starr'd wight, disabled by defeat :

For, though a pray'r to my deaf Muse I've made

With zeal, as if religion was my trade,

She leaves poor me, deserted and alone,

Expos'd to all the dangers of the town :

Affist me then, I pray, with fondest care,

That with thy num'rous scholars I may share

Your favour, and in time be dubb'd thine heir.---

E

As



As recompense for such great pretension,  
 I promise on my part due attention  
 To all your wishes, and assume the name  
 Of *Inspector Gen'ral* to Folly's fame.

Those weighty points being gain'd without dissent,  
 (For silence ever gives, they say, consent,)  
 I shall proceed, impatient of delay,  
 And with the quill of office take my way  
 To the THEATRES,---where we oft are told  
 Folly by wholesale weight is bought and fold.

First, COVENT GARDEN stands upon the list,  
 Which to the mill of Folly brings most grift :  
 That being ground and press'd with usual haste,  
 Appears disgustful to the well-read taste :

Judgment



Judgment there scorns to shew its stranger face,

And Folly reigns triumphant in the place :

Her vot'ries there are gorged to the eyes,

For Cat'rer H-RR-S raises the supplies.

A man so truly courteous and civil,

To please his patrons--he'd raise the devil,

And make him dance an hornpipe on the Stage,---

So much he wishes to delight the age,

And shew what happens to become the rage.

As soon as *ancient ladies* were the ton,

Quickly, by cash, he made them quite his own :

TRAGEDY---COMEDY---OP'RA, and all,

Reception gave them at his potent call.

Money ! thou source of pleasure to the good !

Who can withstand---who ever has withstood

Thy



Thy universal pow'r !---Stoicks may assert  
 Philosophy superior in desert ;  
 Yet I, untaught in Prudence's small school,  
 Am still content with thee to play the fool.

But to my story :---By the aid of cash,  
 Three *ancient dames* agreed to cut a dash ;  
 And, like the Goddesses in story told,  
 Wish'd for the apple cover'd o'er with gold ;  
 Or, to speak plain, the *Manager* decreed  
 A purse of guineas, as a lib'ral meed  
 To her, who least his int'rest would betray,  
 And give the public what should most repay :---  
 To fettle each one's claim, *imperial* JOVE  
 Chose W-LD the PARIS, with powers to prove  
 Which most deserv'd the *thunderer's* partial love !

He,



He, ever ready at his master's call,  
Made preparations in the audience-hall.

When all was rang'd in order to begin,  
The doors were open'd---and the *three* walk'd in :---  
First AB-NGT-N, as *Juno*, took her place,---  
She promis'd to revive the antique grace.  
Next CR-WF-ORD, like *Minerva*, soon appear'd;  
Wisdom her promise was---which *once* them cheer'd.  
Last came sweet M-R-, as the *Cyprian* dame,  
And said, that Harmony should stamp her fame.  
Our modern *Paris* then his judgment gave,  
That M-R- should the golden-pippin have;  
For at *their house* Wisdom and the Graces  
Had long to Folly giv'n up their places;  
And then, to shew in Latin he could state it,  
Cried---“ *Nemo omnibus horis sapit !*”



The judgment made, the *apple* soon was shown,  
 Which brought from CR-WF-RD a deep-fetch'd groan:  
 She tore her *wig*, she beat her heaving breast,  
 And shook, enrag'd, the feathers on her crest:---  
 But AB-NGT-N, with spirits all her own,  
 Said, she was sure she had no cause to moan;  
 For, if the Graces did *their house* detest,  
 She thought they knew what suited them the best,  
 And hop'd she still in DRURY should take rest.

At this rose Paris in a furious rout,  
 And for immediate silence halloo'd out;---  
 "What mean you, Madam, by those words unkind?  
 "Have you not always here pursued your mind?  
 "In choice of character have had no rub?---  
 "Were you not suffer'd, pray, to murder Scrub?  
 "Where



“ Where were your graces when you did that part ?---

“ Have done then, Ma'am, unless you wish to smart !”

---Thus having *prompted* her to hold her tongue,

He bow'd to M-R-, who thus sweetly fung :

## TO HARMONY.

TO HARMONY, cherubic maid !

Let zephyrs all their incense pay :

The stormy winds, by Spring allay'd,

No more shall rule with chilling fway.

\*The nymphs, who in the woody glade

Delight to pass their happy days,

Shall to thy name, in ev'ry shade,

Pay sweet devotion by their lays.

Impatient Time, by thee with-held,

Will throw aside his long-worn scythe ;

And by thy heav'nly art impell'd,

Shall praise thy fame in sonnets blythe.

DRURY



DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

---

IN form majestic, Genius, to! appears,  
 Attach'd to DRURY for revolving years :---  
 Wilt thou, sweet maid! admit me, by thy grace,  
 To gaze, enraptur'd, on thy heav'nly face,  
 And catch, perhaps, an emanative ray,  
 To shew that TRUTH should bear the greatest sway?---  
 Genius, thank Heav'n, in pity to the age,  
 Still prompts a few to write the moral page,  
 From whence instruction pure may yet be gain'd  
 By those, whose senses Folly hath not stain'd.

Let



Let me then hope that I may see the day,  
When Wit and Genius dare assume their sway.

Though Folly here perchance may shew her face,  
'Tis always clear she is not in her place ;  
For, hiss'd and scouted, to her *home* she flies,  
And joins with Nonsense for the highest prize,  
Which, equal drawn between them, they must share,  
And take the *house* in raptures to their care.

Impassion'd people may my words condemn :---  
My answer is---I write for fame, not them,  
And dare by Truth t' abide the fair decree :  
Then let us see how Truth and I agree :---

When DRURY gives a play from SHAKSPERE'S page,  
Whether th' effect is love, despair, or rage,



Th' attentive audience give their just applause,  
 Which shews—the DRAMA still enjoys its laws.—  
 Let at the *other house* those scenes be done,  
 Littlefs they pass, or laughter barely shun,  
 Which there has gained so complete an hold,  
 That he who tries its cure must rank as bold !  
 The same sage folks may then this question crave—  
 “ What play without good actors can you have ? ”

The reason now with pleasure I'll explain :

Good actors know their home is DRURY LANE,  
 Where they are sure, whene'er they please the town,  
 To gain encouragement to fair renown,  
 And all their merits with success to crown.  
 The same with authors, (if they write for fame,)  
 Who court not favor from the hood-wink'd dame,

But,



But, faithful vot'ries at the Muses fane,  
 Their chosen works appear at DRURY LANE.

But, if emolument is e'er the plan,  
 (Our modern bards too oft their gains will scan---)  
 At COVENT GARDEN they their fortune try,  
 Pocket the cash, and back again soon fly.

Here let me pause ! and praise where Truth directs ;  
 For Truth her standard in my fight erects,  
 And prompts to give to Honor all her due ;  
 Therefore, O H-RR-S ! will I now praise you :---  
 For, I confess, I've ever heard it said,  
 That just accounts by you are always paid ;  
 That *actors* and the *ladies* have their dues ;---  
 That dunning creditors ne'er wear their shoes  
 Quite out,---and both their goods and patience lose. }

Nor



Nor do I hear your *renters* you difmay,  
 Or urge their fears by any forc'd delay;  
 Nor is it rumour'd by a ftupid loon,  
 That in September they are paid for June:  
 Nor have I heard your *scene-men* e'er rebel,  
 And fwear (good lack!) your *houfe* may go to hell!  
 For, if their juft demands you will not pay,  
 They'll fee if Law or you bear greateft fway;  
 Vain fenfelefs elves!--who cannot recollect  
 That Law and Juftice are of diff'rent feet.  
 Nor have I heard your credit is fo bad,  
 That not a yard of muflin can be had:  
 (Though Defdemona's merit is at ftake,  
 No *tick* will B-NGL-y fuffer you to take,  
 Who, when your messenger in hafte implor'd  
 For goods on truft, thus from his counter roar'd:  
 " Tell



“ Tell all your masters, when they chuse to pay,

“ I’ll serve with pleasure all the live-long day :

“ Without the cash no muslin shall be sent

“ By G-d !”---and from his counter quick he went :) )

Nor that the *mesdames*, entitled *dressers*,

Get money in as flow as tax-assessors.

Neither in *managers* do you abound,

Who all good management with ease confound :

If that by chance was your case---I should say,

Do send, if possible, that GR-BB away,

Nor suffer him to bring from Margate pier

Cargoes of *actors*---who, when *acting* here,

I oft have wish’d would back directly steer.

And, if of SH-W advice or cash you crave,

Don’t let him ’fore us all of prudence rave :



For oft, when three-and-sixpence let me in,

My ears have suffer'd by his noisy din :---

" What do you mean by letting those lights shine ?

" Don't you consider that a *share* is mine ?

" 'Twas diff'rent when I was only *leader* ;---

" You might have crammed your fires with cedar,---

" But now, another title having gain'd,

" I'll not behold *my* property thus drain'd !"

No, no, H-RR-S ! instead of men like these,

Invest a gentleman to act with ease ;

Nor let him be by such as those controul'd,

Nor suffer all the ravings of a *scold*,

Who has too long o'er all your wardrobe growl'd.

Then I should say, (still thinking you the same,)

Don't lose your time to gain politic fame ;

But,



But, if your mind to Genius still is prone,  
 Make all our future praises quite your own :  
 And, if you wish a fortune soon to gain,  
 Leave STEPHEN'S CHAPEL---come to DRURY LANE.

Thus would I talk, O H-RR-S ! then to you,  
 If plans like these you threaten'd to pursue ;  
 Plans, which at last, you certainly would rue.

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SECTION III.

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WHAT SHOULD BE.

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ADDRESS

TO

AUTHORS AND ACTORS.

---

MY worthy friends, you ever should agree,  
 Nor call on custom as a constant plea  
 For doing wrong.---I hate to see a bard  
 Trusting to *gall'ries* for a fair award,  
 Where, pack'd by dozens, all his *friends* appear,  
 Assisted by their cronies in the rear,

Who,



Who, by applause, not seldom misapplied,  
In favor of their patrons quite decide.

This modern practice gains uncommon sway,  
And makes our plays the *meteors* of a day :  
Their run soon o'er, like ill assorted pelf,  
They lay neglected on the owner's shelf.

Can I believe, that Genius, quite estrang'd,  
Has 'mong a few alone her fancies rang'd,  
Who bring their *labours* out each passing year,  
Devoid of rules---as they themselves of fear ;  
For when no rivalry retards their speed,  
They neither critics praise nor censure heed.  
Why do not more fair Learning's track pursue,  
And to its pristine form the way renew ?

I

Fame,



Fame, I must own, a little now and then,  
 Says *managers* themselves hate learned men,  
 Who, too attentive to the DRAMA'S rules,  
 Scorn to submit to please--the various fools,  
 Whose minds are form'd alone in Fashion's schools.

Fame likewise says,--that quite content with those,  
 Who all the follies of the times disclose,  
 They cramp the genius of the able bard,  
 And by their *management* his hopes discard,  
 Who, anxious to explore the way to fame,  
 Dares to neglect the usual track;--the fame  
 Which all their authors have unceasing run,  
 Who strive to please the audience most by *fun*.

Fun is their aim!--to gain it all their care,  
 Which they contrive, by table or by chair,

That,



That, thrown by actor at an actor's head,  
 Causes convulsive laughter to be spread  
 Through all the *house*---and still increases more,  
 When candlestick pursues what went before !

Could any of those bards, who long since past  
 Have gain'd such fame as will for ages last,  
 Contrive at our *new* plays to take a peep,  
 Well might they thank the life-dissolving sleep,  
 Which long had sooth'd their minds worn out by care,  
 And plac'd them far in safety from despair.

Enough of authors :---now to you I turn,  
 O actors ! who fair Judgment seldom spurn.  
 I know not how to mark, by feeble words,  
 The hazards you endure :---it ill accords

With



With minds like yours, to waste a single thought  
On plays, by *modern* authors sometimes brought,  
In which improvement you have vainly sought.

'Tis hard what authors oft from you expect :

(For diff'rence of construction's deem'd neglect.)

Ye sons of Thespis ! has it not been said,

They want not actors to possess a head :

A *phiz* alone---with utt'rance to repeat

The scenes they mean the public ear to treat.

Such thoughts ne'er taint the lib'ral author's mind :

In you his Muse is ever sure to find

Affistance ready, and exertion kind.

Good acting has improv'd ev'n SHAKSPERE'S page,

And gain'd admirers each succeeding age :

Then



Then shall it not in modern times be thought  
 To add those graces it has often taught,  
 And shew with force the beauties of a play,  
 Which ne'er from Genius takes her fame away.

This axiom, sure, by all must be allow'd,---  
 Then let not authors, of their merit proud,  
 Usurp the pow'r of judging what is right,  
 Before their *bantlings* are produc'd to light,  
 But deign of actors to retain advice,  
 Who know how far their acting will entice  
 The public plaudits, and direct the way  
 To save their pieces from the critic's sway.  
 Acting, of all professions which are known,  
 Is most expos'd to censure from the town:---

K

We



We judge not only of an actor's fame  
 In public---but their conduct freely blame,  
 When Scandal's breath betrays their private name.

This meddling zeal, without a doubt is wrong,  
 And has escap'd a sharp reproof too long :  
 But if the characters of all who live  
 By public bounty, must pass the foul sieve  
 Of tainting Malice,---where is then the man,  
 Who boasts by Prudence to conduct his plan,  
 Yet saves from Envy's shafts life's fleeting span.

Here would I pause;---yet where a tribute's due,  
 I must in haste my wand'ring Muse pursue,  
 Who seems impell'd on Fancy's soaring wing,  
 Her tuneful lyre in Merit's praise to string.

I neither



I neither can, nor even wish to try  
 To check her course, or from her presence fly,  
 But pass obedient to her lov'd command,  
 Who oft has led me trembling by the hand,  
 To shew to Beauty's self this true adage:  
 Though Vice may for a time become the rage,  
 'Tis Virtue only can adorn the age.

}

A

## TRIBUTE TO VIRTUE.

WHEN HYMEN in fetters of rapturous love  
 Bound FARREN, by graces array'd,—  
 He did it with pleasure—determin'd to prove,  
 From Virtue she never had stray'd.



THALIA soon hasten'd, with tears in her eyes,  
 And made to APOLLO this pray'r :  
 That her fav'rite daughter, the soft filken ties  
 Should never be suffer'd to wear.

When Harmony's patron had heard her throughout,  
 Delighted, this answer he gave :

" It is anger alone which makes you thus pout,

" And henceforth will cause you to rave :—

" For I can foretell by Divinity's pow'r

" Her equal will never appear :

" Still suffer fair FARREN to grace ev'ry hour

" The bands she was destin'd to wear."

TRIBUTE TO VIRTUE

JAQUES



# JAQUES

TO

HIS FRIENDS, THE PUBLIC.

---

**T**O all whom it may concern---comes greeting,  
JAQUES' best wishes, till another meeting  
Shall bring him 'fore his honour'd friends.  
If Truth still bears her long accustom'd sway,  
From whose bright flame he snatches ev'ry ray,  
He'll try how far her pow'r extends.

L

If



If from her haunts Truth drags ev'n Vice to light,

Shall trifling Folly dare to vent her spite,

And shew her laughter-moving phiz ?

Will no learn'd bard, whose works are stamp'd by fame,

Make an attempt to rescue Genius' name ?---

The task then JAQUES says is his.

Inspire him, Fancy, with thine airy flights,

That by thine aid he may ascend the heights

Of steep Parnassus' famed mount,

Where with Apollo and the tuneful Nine,

He may in friendship breakfast, sup, and dine,

And drink at Helicon's clear fount.

What more can JAQUES say to prove his zeal,

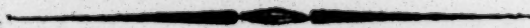
Unless to all the Virtues he should kneel,

And beg their kind assisting pow'rs :---

But



But hold!--if Truth forbids him to repine,  
He knows those ladies through his verse will shine :  
He therefore hails the future hours !



END OF THE FIRST PART.



But hold!--if Truth forbids him to repine,  
 He knows those ladies through his verse will shine:  
 He therefore hails the future hours!

---

END OF THE FIRST PART.



